

From Now till Christmas

This will be a Busy Store

The closer Christmas draws near the busier it will become. We have provided this year for more than our usual share of Christmas business, for the great increasing trade of preceding seasons was an expression of confidence which this year can hardly be expected to appreciate. In all these immense Christmas stocks this is the largest and most complete line we have ever had, and it is a satisfaction to us, as it will be to you, to know that the goods are all new and up-to-date and such exceptionally good values are offered that the Christmas dollar had never a greater measure of money's worth offered it.

If you haven't started to make your selections do so to-day.

Our Stock Consists of the following

Men's and Boys Suits and Overcoats
Hats Caps Mitts
Mocha and Wool Gloves
Sweaters Knitted Jackets
Sills and Wool Mufflers
Silk Suspenders
Fine Shirts
Cashmere and Wool Sox
Silk Handkerchiefs

A good assortment of Men's and Boys' Silk Ties
Watches, 7, 15, and 17 Jewel
Elgin Cuff Links
Collar Buttons, Watch Chains
Fobs, Stick Pins
Brooches Emblem Pins
Fancy slippers for Men and Women
Fine Shoes
Felt Shoes Hockey Shoes
Rubbers Overshoes, Etc.

We invite you to call at our Store and see the above mentioned goods before you purchase your Christmas gifts. Kindly remember they are all new and up-to-date.

J. V. BERSCHT
THE OUTFITTER

MILLINERY SALE

We will sell the balance of our stock of

LADIES HATS

25 per cent off for cash

Butter and Eggs as Cash

GEO. PETERS

BILL BAILEY

Wishes All A

MERRY CHRISTMAS

CALL AND SEE MY

New Stock of Fruits

Jap Oranges Apples, Grapes,

Bananas, Candy, Nuts, Etc.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

At a Very Low Price

A CAR OF SALT JUST ARRIVED

AROUND THE TOWN

Skates sharpened at the Sash & Door Factory, 20 cents.

A skating party of about twenty Carstairs young people visited the Didsbury skating rink on Tuesday evening.

WANTED—Teacher wanted for Grand Centre school. Apply to T. A. White, Sec.-Treas., Didsbury.

FOR RENT—A good basement with concrete walls and floor, frost proof. Apply to H. L. Craig, Olds.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Two in family. Apply to Mrs. C. W. Moore, Carstairs.

The Didsbury ladies quartette and several other ladies and gentlemen of Didsbury took part in a concert at the Methodist church in Carstairs on Monday night.

Big Lumber Sale on—all kinds of house furnishings and barn lumber. Apply to Allan Good.

As Christmas Day comes on Friday next week we have to publish the Pioneer earlier in the week so we must have all changes of ads and correspondence in not later than 10 o'clock Tuesday morning.

A mistake occurred in E. B. Shantz the harness makers ad. in last week's Pioneer. Sweats were advertised at 75c per pair, this should have read 70c per pair, which will continue to be the price.

The annual public School concert will take place in the Didsbury schoolhouse on Wednesday night next. The teachers and children have been working hard the last few weeks for this concert and it promises to be the best ever given.

Mr. Tees, of Winnipeg, was a visitor to town on Wednesday in the interest of the Berliner Gramophone Co., and gave a free musical entertainment in the Presbyterian Church. A Victor Gramophone was used and all present were highly delighted with the sweetness and clearness with which the different numbers were given. Selections from great singers like Melba and Caruso were exquisitely rendered. Arrangements have been made with Mr. L. Curtis, at Williams' old stand, to take orders for these machines and records.

A new musical organization is to be started in Didsbury immediately after the holidays. Mr. E. B. Shantz has made arrangements for organizing a good orchestra composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Thompson, Bevan, Nixon, Ed. Weber, and Gertz, violins; Mr. E. B. Shantz, clarinet; Mr. Burly, trombone; the orchestra will also have piano accompaniment. It is expected that the orchestra will give one of the best concerts ever held in Didsbury sometime in February at which the Didsbury and Carstairs orchestras of twenty pieces will be combined and vocalists from both towns will assist. Mr. Shantz would like to have everyone who is interested in music give all the help possible to make the orchestra a success.

Coal for Sale at the Sash & Door Factory, \$6.50 per ton.

Christmas Trees! Christmas Trees! for sale at J. V. Berscht's.

Mr. John Manson and wife left for a three months visit to Scotland on Thursday last.

Messrs. N. B. Good, Lethbridge, and Simon Good, Carbon, were visitors to town this week.

LOST—Brown duck sheep lined coat on Kansas-Didsbury telephone line road about November 20th. Reward will be paid for the return of same to this office or to Wm. Dageforde.

A meeting to consider the railroad interests of the east country was to have been held at Carstairs on Tuesday afternoon but owing to some hitch in arrangements it failed to materialize. Several Didsburians went down to attend the meeting.

The many friends of Miss Dow, formerly of Didsbury but now at Red Deer, will be sorry to learn that she was badly burnt in a fire last week at Red Deer. Latest reports stated that she was getting along as well as could be expected.

For Christmas and New Year Holidays the Canadian Pacific Railway announces a rate of fare and one third for the round trip. Tickets on sale for Christmas December 21, 22, 23 and 25, for New Year December 28, 29, 30 and 31 and January 1, final return in full on dividends January 5, 1909.

Fir Wood for sale at the Sash & Door Factory \$3.25 per load, stove length. Delivered.

Some time ago a paragraph appeared in these columns stating that Mr. James Burns of Berlin, Alta., threshed 53 bushels of oats to the acre. This should have been 65 bushels to the acre. His crop averaged all round, wheat, oats and barley, 50 bushels to the acre. He threshed 6,000 bushels of grain,

While in a certain office in town one day this week we came across the following quotation which the defeated and disappointed candidates at the recent municipal elections would do well to ponder, it will help them over their troubles: "Smile awhile and while you smile, another smiles and soon there's miles of smiles and life's worth while if you but smile."

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. J. Good, south of Didsbury, on Wednesday, December 16th, when Miss Mary Good was married to Alvin Traub. There were about forty guests present. The bride received a very large number of handsome and useful presents from her large circle of friends. Rev. H. Goudie performed the ceremony while Miss Mary Traub acted as bridesmaid and Simon Good was best man.

BIRTH

WOOL—On Wednesday, December 9th, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. S. Wood a son.

MARRIED

GOOD-TRAUR—On Wednesday, December 16th, 1908, Mary Good to Alvin Traub.

UNION BANK

OF CANADA

Capital, Rest and Undivided Profits Exceed.

\$5,000,000

Build up your balance in your Savings Account

now—when you are selling the season's crop, or getting the returns from your Dairying. Deposit as much and as often as you can in the Union Bank of Canada and make your money earn interest.

Then if you need it later on, you can draw what you want without delay or inconvenience.

\$1.00 or upward opens an account.

DIDSURY BRANCH:
F. N. BALLARD, Manager

For Christmas

We have Classy, Clever Gift Goods for every age and condition. They are better than usual and embrace the newest ideas

COME IN AND INSPECT OUR STOCK

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS

H. W. CHAMBERS
DRUGGIST AND STATIONER.



POULTRY THAT PLEASES
The palate and purse is the kind we rely on to keep our flocks in trim. No tough old birds ever find their way into this market. We are pretty good judges of poultry and have many customers who know as much as we do about it. So you...

TAKE NO CHANCES
where we deal with us, for we couldn't afford to keep any but the best. Satisfaction, pleasure, but the truth without fail. Prices? Well the keeper you are at marketing the more you will appreciate the modesty of our demands.

Didsbury Meat Market
N. WEICKER, Prop.

We always keep a

SELECTED & UP-TO-DATE STOCK

—OF—

FURNITURE

to suit every room in the house

We have a large stock of

WALLPAPER

which we are selling very cheap

Also a good stock of
LINOLEUMS, SHADES, and CARPETS

We sell the

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

PIANO

SHERLOCK MANNING

ORGAN and the

ELDRIDGE SEWING MACHINE

R. Barron DIDSURY FURNITURE STORE



Celluloid Starch gives a glossy luster and preserves the solid blackness. Use two table-spoons to a quart of cold water and add a little boiling water to the starch. The starch, the shorts, delicate lace, etc., the results will be excellent.

Write for a large FREE sample.

Ask your grocer for.

Celluloid Starch

Never Sticks, Requires no Cooking

100% Natural Starch. Water-Like, Fresh, Odorless.

Slang of the Day.

Friend—Well, folks, did you have an exciting trip in your new auto? Mr. Rapid—Yes. We ran down three men, two boys, a baby and ten dogs.

Mr. Rapid—Yes, we had a perfectly killing time.—Baltimore Dealer.

In the treatment of summer complaints the most effective remedy is Celluloid. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dietary Cordial. It is a standard preparation, and many people employ it in preference to other preparations. It is a highly concentrated medicine. Its action and curative qualities are beyond question. It has been a popular medicine for many years and thousands can attest its superior qualities in alleviating dysentery and kindred complaints.

First man in car—Look here, sir, I get up to give my wife a kiss. Mrs. Smith—Kissing down?—That's all right, old fellow. She's my wife.—Life.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

For stings or bites of any kind of insect apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve and usually cure very quickly.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Mother—My child, you shouldn't have more than half your hair.

Daughter—I know that, mamma; but how can I tell which half?—Boston Transcript.

Beautiful Hair.

The secret of beautiful hair is to know how to make the most of it, how to coax and coiffle it into growing and to arrange it to the best possible advantage, says the New York Press.

It is the natural frame for the face, and whether or not this frame is becoming remains with the woman herself.

It is wonderful what terrible things a woman can do with her own head. Combs are set in crooked and in many cases crooked hair looks more like a bird's nest than a coiffure.

She has pretty hair first of all must have clean hair.

This means that you should shampoo it every two weeks.

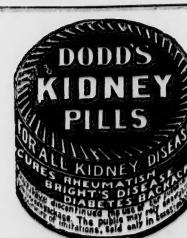
The hair catches even more dust than the face.

To Remove Furniture Dents.

To remove furniture dents wet the seat with warm water. Soak in warm water a piece of soft, white, cotton, double-knit, four times, lay it over the dent and press with a hot iron. Leave the iron on the paper until all moisture is absorbed. If the dent is not then removed, repeat the process.

Weight of a Lion.

What does a lion weigh? Those who know the look of the king of beasts best and how small his little body really is will probably come farthest from the truth. About 300 to 350 pounds is the average weight, but if the great lion will tip the scales at less than 500 pounds. Five hundred and forty pounds is the record for an African lion. His bone is solid and heavy as iron. The tiger is a lion's brother. He is a great killer. Bengal tigers killed by English officers weighed 320 pounds. A tiger this size has, however, considerably more muscular strength than the biggest lion.



DODD'S
KIDNEY
PILLS

FOR ALL
CURES KIDNEY DISEASES

BRONCHITIS, TUBERCULOSIS,
DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE,
AND ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEY.

W. N. U. No. 712.

THE ironing of black goods requires particular care and particular search for stains. A starch gives a rusty appearance to the fabric and leaves it streaked with white.

Celluloid Starch gives a glossy luster and preserves the solid blackness. Use two table-spoons to a quart of cold water and add a little boiling water to the starch. The starch, the shorts, delicate lace, etc., the results will be excellent.

Write for a large FREE sample.

Ask your grocer for.

Waste Paper For Wrapping.

It was stated in the "Daily Star" (Edmonton) that waste paper collected by women and children from the house refuse deposited at Wifford by the Chelmsford Corporation was sold to paper-shoppers and used for wrapping up articles of food.

Made Her Think.

"I am reading ancient history," said the young Miss, "and it makes me think."

"Yes, it is a splendid pastime. It actually makes one think."

"And what has it made you think?"

"Well, I've been wondering and wondering what the ladies of ancient Rome did with their babies in those awful days before babies were born and motor-ing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Preferred the Money.

"Yes," said D'Auter, the artist, pat-ronizingly, "I'm selling my canvases for a pittance."

"Yes, it is a splendid money," said the young art student, "but don't say so."

"Yes; I suppose you'd give a great deal to be a great artist too?"

"No, indeed, I'd rather be you."—Pittsburgh Post.

Trial is Inexpensive.

To those who suffer from dispulsive indications of disease, and the degeneration of the digestive system, a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended, should the sufferer be unacquainted with the use of any other medicine.

It is a safe, inexpensive preparation and the result will be another customer for this excellent medicine. So effective is their action that many cures can certainly be traced to their use before other pills have proved ineffective.

A satisfactory door covering, particularly for children's rooms, is a plain oak carpet, with a few washable rug tufts in tints to match the walls and draperies.

SALAD.

"What would you opinion eat if you have not tried 'Salad'?"

Let us make the best of our friends while we have them, for how long we shall keep them is uncertain.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with worms.

Dr. George W. Estimator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

It is the natural frame for the face, and whether or not this frame is becoming remains with the woman herself.

It is wonderful what terrible things a woman can do with her own head.

Combs are set in crooked and in many cases crooked hair looks more like a bird's nest than a coiffure.

She has pretty hair first of all must have clean hair.

This means that you should shampoo it every two weeks.

The hair catches even more dust than the face.

A Well-Known Man.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.

Yours truly,

T. B. LAVERS,
St. John.

Satin Slippers may be cleaned by rubbing them with stale bread or soft Indian rubber. The tails try white wine with spirits of wine.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Passing of Old Brussels.

It is disappearing, our old Brussels.

They are passing away, the buildings

which bear witness to an artistic past,

the good houses which spoke in intimate whispers to the heart of the city.

Of the old cities, so many come and go.

Brussels, the capital of Belgium, is the

center of the country's political life.

Belgian life is a picture of

luxury and refinement.

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The CONQUEST OF CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Author of "Cherry," "Mesmer Bane,"
"Gauze," "Etc."

Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Brothers

(Continued)

But he had not far to follow. The chase led him to a half hollow log which lay on a low grassy green levee above the stream where the dog's intention was to cross. He lay there temporarily, however, for after a few minutes of agitated investigation he was seized with indifference to the whole world, panting briefly, slept. Joe sat upon the log, which was in the middle of the stream.

For the first time it struck Joe that it was a beautiful day, and it came to him that a beautiful day was a thing which nothing except death, sickness or imprisonment could take from him, nor even the sound of Canaan. Unforeseen as music sounded in his ears again, but it did not bring fear or alarm. This was not the circus band he had heard as he left the square, but a melody like a faraway serenade at night, as of "the horns of elam faintly blowing," and he closed his eyes with the sweetness of it.

"Go ahead," he whispered. "Do that all day. I will keep it up like this awhile. I'll follow with 'Little Brown Jug. How I Love Thee!' If it seems to play after all."

The welcome strains, however, were but the prelude to a harsher sound which interrupted and annihilated them—the courtly and clamorous out-cry of "Arise!" and "Get out!" and "I'm across Main street bridge!"

He opened his eyes and looked about him whimsically. Then he shook his head again.

A lady had just emerged from the bridge and was coming toward him. It would be hard to get at Mrs. Joe's first impression of the woman, for she was a woman for only the broadest and heaviest. Ancient and modern instances multiply the case of the sleeper who dreams out a long story in accurate color and fine detail, a tale of years, in the opening and shutting of a door. So with Joseph in the brief space of the lady's appearance. And with him, as with the sleeper, the must have been in fact it was—in his recollections later a blur of emotion.

He had little knowledge of the military arts, and he needed none to see the harmony—harmony like that of the day he had discovered a little while ago. Her dress and hat and gloves and shoes were all of the same color, a color just like that which he had seen over-spreading the western slope. (Afterward he discovered that the gloves she wore that day were gray and that her hat was for the most part white.) The charm of fabric and trim was given to what she wore, and the shame to her, a bearing of primal importance beyond herself. It was but the expression of her daintiness and the adjunct of it. She was tall, but if Joe could have spoken or thought of her as "slender" he would have been capable of calling her lips "red," which came to him as a color which he would have been as far from the truth as her lips were from red as her supreme delicatesse was from mere coquetry.

She was to pass him—so he thought—and as she drew nearer his breath came faster.

"Run!" Across Main street bridge at noon!"

Was this the way of whom the voice had warned him? With that, there fell him the mystery of last night. He did not remember, but it was as if he lived again in a life a thousand years ago, perfume and music, roses, night-birds and plucked harpstrings. Yes, something wonderful was happening to him.

She had stopped directly in front of him, and stood looking at him with her clear eyes. He did not lift his eyes to hers. He had long experience of the averted gaze of women, but it was not only that. A great shyness beset him. He had risen and remained silent, and now he was compelled to clear his throat, his every day sense urging upon him that she was a stranger in Canaan who had lost her way—the preposterousness of any one's losing the way in Canaan not just now appealing to his every day sense.

"I can't be stammered, blushing terribly, meaning to finish with 'direct you,' or 'show you the way.'

Then he looked at her again and saw what seemed to him the strangest sight of all. Her eyes were filled with tears—filled and filled.

"I'll sit here on the log with you," she said. And her voice was the voice which he had heard saying: "Remember! Across Main street bridge at noon!"

"What?" he gasped.

"You don't need to dust off," she went on tremulously. And even then he did not know who she was.

CHAPTER XI.
THERE was a silence, for if the spoken words could have spoken all he could have said nothing to say; and, perhaps, the lady would not trust her own voice just then. His eyes had fallen again. He was too dazed and, in truth, too much stricken now to look at her, though if he had been able to do so, that was part of a wonderful dream he might have dared. She was seated beside him, and had handed her parasol in a little way which seemed to imply that of course he had reached for it, so that it was to be seen now how much he had been dazed. She had done it for her, though this was a bit out of his tremulous observing. He did perceive, however, that he was to furi the dallying. He pressed the catch and let down the top timbly, as if fearing to break the tent, as it closed, held near his heart, he caught a very faint, sweet, spicy emanation from it like wild roses and cinnamon.

He did not know her, but his timidity and a strange little choke in his throat, the sudden fright which had seized him, were caused by her. He had the same thought that she was one he had known, but could not for the moment recall. There was nothing of the awkwardness of that. No; he was overpowered by the charm of this woman. And yet, while more and more, he tried to be more and more touchingly a greater happiness than he had ever known that at first it was inexplicably sad.

At last he heard her voice again, shaking a little, as she said:

"I am glad you remembered."

"I remembered you?" he faltered.

"Then you don't?" she cried. "And yet you came."

"Come here, do you mean?"

"Yes—now, at noon."

"Ah!" he half whispered, unable to speak.

"Was it you who said to me: 'Remember! Across—across—'"

"Across Main street bridge at noon?" she finished for him gently. "Yes."

He took a deep breath in the wonder of it, and you could see him as he asked slowly, "What is last night?"

"Don't you even know that you came to meet me?"

"I came to—to meet—you!"

She gave a little pitying cry, very near a sob, seeing his utter bewilderment.

(To be continued)

but the manner of the lady as she saw the truth underwent an April change, she drew back lightly. He was fascinated with the most delicious low tones he had ever heard, and the music which she incommoded there was no sign of tears about her. "Ah, I'm glad you're the same," Joe said. "You never would or could pretend very well. I'm glad you've changed, though that isn't why I reached for you. You forgot me because you never thought of me. Perhaps I should not have known you, as I have."

He started, leaning back from her. "Ah," she laughed, "that's it! That funny little twist of the head you always make when you're thinking. I know I must have took you a thousand times to see that it was like a nice friendly puppy. So why shouldn't I say so now? And your eyebrows? When you look like that nobody could ever forget you, Joe."

He rose from the log, and the moonlight leaped upon him uprushing, thinking they were to go home, go home, go home.

The lady laughed again. "Don't let him spoil my parasol. And I must warn you now: Never, never tread on my skirt! I'm very irritable about such things!"

He had taken three or four uncertain backward steps from her. She sat before him, the most lovely creature he had ever seen, but between him and this charming vision there swept, through the warm, scented June air, a veil of snow like a driven fog, and bold in the darkness of the dark pine woods, he could see the outlines of dry pines and birches nobody knows; also where he goes after he has exhibited his wares and turned as honest nickel my mystery. This great merchant pedestrian has made a name for himself in the country the last year, but if he has not better luck with his other patrons than he has with me he isn't much interested in the banking system of the country.

He evidently had made an exhaustive study of my habits of living, for as he arrives all out of breath or any other useful thing he finds me well supplied with the necessities of life and with not a cent in the house. All his visits begin, are carried on and end in the same way.

Then comes a knock at the back door just at mid-morning. I open the portal and see an overeager individual in the act of crawling from under what at first I take to be our new tar paper greenhouse. The apparition quickly shapes itself into our peripatetic regular store, unlimbering for action.

"I try to head him off by saying 'I will be nothing today, Alphonse.'

Treating this remark with silent contempt, the tradesman begins loosening six buckles and a bed cord.

"I was up at midnight and then ran away. You need not take down your shutters and open for business, Felix, my friend, for there is absolutely nothing doing."

"Handkerchief!" he suggests reproachfully.

"Put it in my head. Then he begins to unpack and lay out his entire stock, naming each article with a rising intonation."

"Suspender? Felt soles? Clotheslines? Horseshoes? Stove pokers? Chimney pots?"

"Give you any watermelon on ice?" I ask.

"No," he replies, quite seriously, "but here is a fine remnant of watered silk. No? Clothespins? Spectacles? Laundry soap? Toothbrushes? Garden hose? Spin shingles? Ax handles? Corsets? Oxfords? Yokes? Insect powder?"

"No, no," I say. "I'm sorry, Augustus, but we send to Paris for all our goods."

"Could I sell you a good snow shovel?" asks the anxious salesman.

"Yes, we have our snow delivered already shovel."

"Horse blankets?" he inquires.

"No? Collar buttons? Needles? Farming tools? Railroad spikes? Bed slats? Pressed bricks? Barbed wire? Coal bins?"

"Leave the door open and go back to the table. After awhile I hear the buckles and straps being adjusted, and when the weary merchant has donned his burden and made a mile so toward the setting sun I think the indent closed. Then my wife comes downstairs, in a breathless state, dressed in a forlorn gown, a few feathers in her hair, and says: 'He hasn't really gone! Oh, dear! And I wanted so much to buy white thread to finish my sewing!'—Chicago News.

THE PACK PEDDLER.

His Varied Store—a Sale That Was Missed.

I had been thinking that the old sty's pack peddler was no more or that he existed only in out of the way localities like the Ozark mountains or Philadelphia. I was mistaken. The man with the peddler is common in the far-flung districts of America as grasshoppers or prickly heat.

The oldest inhabitant in my neighborhood, who lives across the field from me, says that one pack peddler has nested in our part of the country for the past year. He comes from with his assorted companion of dry goods and hardware nobody knows; also where he goes after he has exhibited his wares and turned as honest nickel my mystery. This great merchant pedestrian has made a name for himself in the country the last year, but if he has not better luck with his other patrons than he has with me he isn't much interested in the banking system of the country.

He evidently had made an exhaustive study of my habits of living, for as he arrives all out of breath or any other useful thing he finds me well supplied with the necessities of life and with not a cent in the house. All his visits begin, are carried on and end in the same way.

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Then comes a knock at the back door just at mid-morning. I open the portal and see an overeager individual in the act of crawling from under what at first I take to be our new tar paper greenhouse. The apparition quickly shapes itself into our peripatetic regular store, unlimbering for action.

"I try to head him off by saying 'I will be nothing today, Alphonse.'

Treating this remark with silent contempt, the tradesman begins loosening six buckles and a bed cord.

"I was up at midnight and then ran away. You need not take down your shutters and open for business, Felix, my friend, for there is absolutely nothing doing."

"Handkerchief!" he suggests reproachfully.

"Put it in my head. Then he begins to unpack and lay out his entire stock, naming each article with a rising intonation."

"Suspender? Felt soles? Clotheslines? Horseshoes? Stove pokers? Chimney pots?"

"Give you any watermelon on ice?" I ask.

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The Pharisees.

"I've never prattled about what his conscience tells him. What does his conscience tell him, anyway?"

"Apparently it tells him what will afflict sinners his neighbors are."

Catholic Standard and Times.

A Suitable Residence.

"I wonder," said little Jim, "when they're going to farm, 'where they're going to go?'"

"I guess it's in the buttery,"—Baltimore American.

A Holdup.

Mr. Roads—Mister, I found the dog your wife is advertising a reward of \$5 for. Mr. Jay—You did, eh? Do Roads—Yes, and if you don't guess \$10 I'll take it back to her. See—Philadelphia Inquirer.

His Home.

A distinguished Indian officer, Scotch to the core, never lost an opportunity of advertising his countrymen.

One evening at nine at night he had a large number of guests and had a magnificent specimen of a highland piper on the spot.

To draw attention to the man's splendid appearance he turned to him and said:

"What part of Scotland do you come from?"

"With a punctilious salute the reply came:

"Tipperary, yer honor?"—Answer.

LAST OF THE PASCAGOULAS.

An Indian Legend From the Shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

An Indian legend of the Pascagoula is told by the fishermen and oystermen down on the shores of the gulf of Mexico.

A point reaches out into the gulf near the mouth of the Pascagoula river. The pine trees on it come almost to the water's edge, and between lies a strip of white sand; across a marsh, a border of light green swaying and rustling grasses and beyond a gray cypress swamp the howling mosquitoes. To the south the big waves of the gulf stretch away, with little waves lapping on the chalk white clam shells of the shore.

There in the evening during the short twilight one hears soft music, as of a fiddle or a violin, insist, chanting, sweet. It is the song of the Pascagoula.

Long years before the Pascagoula Indians had lived upon this point. The white men, the Spaniards, came in numbers, and with them the hostile war of the Indians, to make war and to die. In the Pascagoula they came to country. Coming from the inland, the Indians took away all chance of fight and hedged them in on the point. The Pascagoula fought for days and nights in the dark pine woods against outnumbering foes. Then they saw their women and children, to save them, that they could not overcome, and starvation stared them in the face.

The Pascagoula called a council of the tribe and talked long together. To give themselves up meant lives of slavery or death, and to fight to the last meant to save the women and children to the mercy of the white men and their allies.

The next morning the Pascagoula put on all their paint and trappings and burned their wigwams. The men, women, and children slowly, deliberately, unlimbered, and then marched to step by step into the water behind them singing. Not one watered. They died with their faces toward their enemies, brave and free, and now in the evening when the wind blows over the marshes the pines and grasses sing the song of the Pascagoula.

THE LAND OF WORSHIP.

The East Believes Too Utterly to Care If Others Disbelieve.

Prayer pervades the east. Far out across the desert one sees minarets rising toward the sky. A desert city is there. It signals its presence by this mute appeal to Allah. And where there are no minarets in the great wastes of the dunes, in the eternal silence, the lifelessness that is not to be seen, the camels are stopped at the appointed hours, the poor and often ragged robes are laid down and the brown pilgrims prostrate themselves in prayer. And the rich man spreads his carpet and prays, and the half naked nomad spreads nothing, but he prays too.

The east is full of just and full of money getting and full of bartering and full of violence, but it is full of works—of worship that disdains condescension, that believes too utterly to care if others disbelieve. There are in the east many men who do not pray. They do not laugh at the man who does, like the unpraying Christian. There is nothing judicious in prayer. In East you do not pray, you do not care of your durability, and your Egyptian boatman prays by the rudder of your boat, and your black donkey boy prays behind a red rock in the sand, and your camel man prays when you are resting in the noon tide, quivering mirage, lost in the sand.

And you must not pray, too, when you enter certain temples where once strange gods were worshipped in whom no man now believes?—Robert Hichens in *Century*.

Scared by Frogs.

It is said to be owing to the frogs of western Australia that that part of the empire is English and not French. About 1800 a party of prospective French colonists landed on the west coast of Australia, but on the first night they were attacked by a loud croaking of the frogs, which they took to be demons and retired with all speed to their ships. Western Australia might have preferred the frog to the swan as their emblem, just as Rome might have preferred, instead of the eagle, the goose that saved the capital.

A Big Difference.

Mr. Crimsworth—See how nicely the man and wife trot along. Why can't man and wife trot along pleasantly together like that? Mr. Crimsworth—Well, you see, there is only one tongue between those two horses, and the goose that saved the capital.

Fundamentally there is no such thing as private action. All actions are public in themselves or in their consequences.—Dove.

GANANOQUE MAN OUT OF TROUBLE

HAD RHEUMATISM, BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED IT.

Hugh Abernethy on His Feet Again—Our Ease is Easy, Simple, Natural and Permanent.

Gananoque, Ont., (Special).—That Rheumatism can be cured surely, simply and permanently is the good news that Hugh Abernethy, a well-known resident of King Street, is spreading among his neighbors. "I had suffered from Rheumatism and stiffness of the joints," Mr. Abernethy says, "My joints would cramp, I could not sleep and I had terrible headaches. I took many different medicines but nothing did me any good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes put me on my feet again."

Others who have taken Mr. Abernethy's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills are as follows in the names of the reliable Canadian Kidney remedy. For Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism and other blood diseases by curing the Kidneys. Sound Kidneys are the foundation of sound impurities. And with no impurities, such as urea in the blood, you cannot have such painful and dangerous diseases. Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Lameness, Neuralgia, and Heart Disease.

Keep your Kidneys strong and well with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you'll feel for the cold, dark days of fall without a fear of Rheumatism.

The African chieftain shook his head baultly.

"The deuce," he said, "with your tea calico, glass beads and brass wire. You shall not cross my country, Theodore, unless you pay me my own price."

"And what may that be?" asked the intrepid hunter.

"Half a dollar a word for every line you write."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

It Rubs Pain Away.—There is no rubbing oil equal to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The hand that rubs it rubs the pain away and on this account there is no preparation that stands so high in popular esteem. There is no harder rubial procurable as the hand can attest who have used it successfully in treating many ailments.

There is no policy like politeness, and a good商人 is the best thing to supply the want of it.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the internal portion of the ear. There is no way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inordinate condition of the mucous lining of the ear canal. When this tube is inflamed you have a troubling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. And unless the inflammation can be taken out of such tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an infected condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for the cure of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Read for particulars.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Little Willie Jones, while picking berries, was stung by a scorpion on the leg by a poisonous insect. By bedtime his leg was so swollen that his mother began to be very much worried. The first thing the next morning she went to the doctor and out of the swelling had gone down. "How is your leg, son?" she inquired. "Come look—it's swelled 'way up," he answered. "That's all right. My leg has got big as a hulfer since last night."

What's the use to sit an' worry if you know who thought to win?

Kick the dog out the window. Let the wind scratch the night.

Time isn't right;

Too much hurry;

Worry's half a sin!

What's the use to work for worry? Ain't there any hope in sight?

Kick the worry out the window in the night.

Time don't worry;

Too much hurry;

Worry's half a sin!

Portait! Portait!

The porter came.

"What is it, sir?" he said.

"Please wake me when we get to San Francisco, you know."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Song of Worry.

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